



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## Sketchings.

MEETING our man, Proctor, in the hall, the other day, we requested him to bring up the colored artist, John Smith (John is no mythical personage, but a quondam pupil of Harding), as soon as he could find him. "Yes, sah. I will, indeed, sah," responded the old man, pausing in his work and grinning broadly. The day after, "gently tapping at the door" (for Proctor is very gentle in all his ways), he entered, leaving his hat on the floor outside, as usual with him, and prefaced his communications with "I called, sah, to see you 'bout de man John Smith. I went to-day to see one of his brotheren, an' told him to tell him dat I want to see him right off on partic'lar business. I knowed, sah, dat would fetch him right off, sah. His brother mason promised dat he tell him right off, sah!" "So," said we, "John is a mason, is he?" "Yes, sah! and I am too, sah! and his brother mason, sah, belong to the same lodge; but I don't, sah! His brother mason is a colored man, too, sah!" "Well Proctor," said we, "bring him up as soon as you can?" "Yes, sah!" said he, feeling uneasily for the door-knob, and resting on one foot—while he looked down to see how the other was disposed. He had something to say, and by way of bringing it out, we asked about Smith's portraits. "Yes, sah!" said the old man, "he paint good portrait, an' he promise to paint de old man, too, but he never did it. Good many years ago, sah, when de Tabernacle was first built, sah, an' I forget de name of de old man dat built it; he was a great abolition man, sah"—and, hesitating, we suggested, "Tappan." "Yes, sah, Tappan, he built de Tabernacle, sah, an' de colored painters work on one side, sah, an' de white painters, sah, on de other. Well, sah, when I work on de Tabernacle, John Smith he paint de portrait of a stone-engraver, sah; he take him off firs'-rate, sah—de gentleman say he had a good many to take him off, sah, but not one do it well as John Smith. I went down to see it one day when we knock off work, sah, an' it very fine, sah." The old man wanted to get back to himself evidently, and, after another pause, fumbling over the door-knob intently, he began—"I'm letterer and ornamental painter, sah, by trade, sah, and, if I was in my own country, I kin get plenty of work, sah, or down in C'lina; but here, sah, de painters won't work 'longside of colored men, sah. I kin sit down and take any view, sah, an' then I kin paint it, little, on de chair an' for ornamental paintin', sah. When I was on de frigate Potomac, Commodore Downs was with me, sah; he have me up on de deck all de time to paint de views, sah—he have me up to paint de ice-berg off Chittling Islands, sah." "Where are the Chittling Islands, Proctor?" we asked. "Off Cape Horn, sah. We come round de Horn from Sumatra, where we been dere to blow down Sumatra. You know, sah, dat de Sumatras take de ship Friend of Boston, an' kill all de crew but de captain and second-mate: an' dey been down de coast to Quallah-battoo to get pepper, sah, an' when dey come back dey find de ship hauled in, an' see dat de crew all killed, an' dey put to sea in an open boat, sah! an' another pepper ship pick dem up, sah! Well, sah! President Jackson he sent orders to have de Potomac all ready to go to Quallah-battoo and blow down Sumatra. She bran new ship, never been to sea, an' dey was getting her ready to go to England, to carry de minister, sah. Well, sah, Commodore Downs say he got no fighting men—dey all new men, sah—so de government say dat he can pick out all de old man-o'-wars' men he could find, sah; an' so we got hundred an' fifty from Norfolk, and two hundred from Boston; and, when dey came on board, de commodore he ask dem what battles

dey been in. Some of dem been in de las' war. I was in de flotilla, sah, under Commodore Barney, in de Potomac river, sah, an' we blow up everything in de river an' in de creeks, an' den we blow up de flotilla, sah, cause we got nothing else to blow up; an' we go to Bladensburg to meet de British, sah. Well, sah, when we come dere, Commodore Barney say—'jus' open de way and let my bull-dogs come.' You know, sah, we have de long 42's, and de 32's, an' de long 16's from de flotilla; an' when we find the British, sah, we fire round shot into dem. Day come on—for the British, good fellows, sah, dey fight firs'-rate—an' den we fire grape, an' canister, an' chain-shot, and we mow dem down like when you cut de grass. Well, sah! de flanking party retreat, an' de rig'lars retreat on both side, an' leave us all alone—de sailors an' de marines—an' we shoot de British down like de grass, an' den we shoot de bridge from under dem, sah, an' dey cross de creek on de dead bodies. Yes, sah, dey make de ford on de dead bodies. Well, sah, den we lose one gun, sah, 'cause we take de timber to put de wounded men on, sah; we pile dem on an' carry dem off to keep dem from being take prisoners. When de British come up to de gun, sah, I tell you what a colored man do, sah: he load de gun wid round-shot an' double-headed shot, an' canister, an' he hadn't time to take de ramrod out, an' he put fire to it just when de British soldiers put hands on de gun, an' dere was de greatest slaughter we make, sah. Yes, sah, I was in de battle of Bladensburg; but the English needn't say dey burnt de capitol, 'cause dere wasn't no capitol to burn, dere was only de two wings, dem was stone an' couldn't burn, and de centre was of wood, and it didn't mount to nothing to burn dat, sah. I was young man den; I didn't have Sophia, but I was looking after her, and I got her by-and-bye." "Well, Proctor," said we, "be sure and bring John Smith up here as soon as you can; we want to see him." "Yes, sah, I will, indeed, sah!" said he, and bowed himself out—leaving the blowing down the Sumatras until another time.

BEING about to cross from Paris to London, a lady friend belonging to an artistic circle in the latter place, requested us to bring over one of the beautiful Angora cats which you see so often in Paris. The request was made in jest probably, without expectation of its being complied with. A prompt compliance produced some astonishment in the circle, much to the credit of American gallantry we hope, and one of the ladies, a talented Highland girl, sent us the following humorous effusion:—

## Ye LAYE OF Ye CAT, &amp;c.

## A PRE-RAPHAELITE BALLAD.

"Oh! who will build a goodly ship,  
To sail o'er the salt, salt sea?  
And who will ride o'er the world so wide,  
For an Angora Cat for me?"

"Oh! I will ride, and I will sail  
O'er the land and the salt, salt sea,  
And I will bring (if there be such a thing)  
An Angora Cat for thee."

He sailed to the pleasant land of France,  
And he rode to the Emperor tall,  
In the presence he stood, of the warriors good,  
The Paladins, Peers, and all.

"Oh come ye to drink red wine at the board?  
Or to shiver the lance at the ring?"  
"Nor for this nor for that; but an Angora cat;  
If there be in the land such a thing."

The Paladins went out two by two,  
The Peers went three by three,  
And they all came back with an Angora Cat,  
And he sailed with it over the sea.

He sailed with it over the salt, salt sea;  
And rode with it over the land,  
Till he kneeled by the chair of that Ladye fair,  
And placed the cat in her hand. . . .

(Here about seventy-five stanzas are lost.)

They searched o'er many a rocky height,  
Through many a bosky dell,  
They searched the ground for miles around,  
And they really searched it well.

They searched through every corner and nook,  
Disturbed every beetle and bat,  
They cleared the house of rat and of mouse,  
But they never could find the cat.

Not far from thence a caltiff dwelt,  
A pie-maker by trade,  
And the folks about had long been in doubt  
Of what his pies were made.

And there were some who began to say,  
And their anger waxed the while,  
That on the day the cat went away,  
His face wore a sinister smile.

And the Ladye deeply mourned her loss,  
And became with grief quite thin,  
And never a pie could meet her eye,  
But she thought her cat was in.

And the ladye made a solemn vow;  
She made it once and again;  
Nor day nor night, though she starve outright,  
Will she ever eat pie again.

And the ladye hath dug a deep, deep trench  
In the midst of her garden fair,  
And every pie the Ladye can buy,  
She goes and buries it there.

And she hath taken a marble slab,  
And on her wall hath placed,  
And thereon a clerkly epitaph  
With her own hand hath traced.

## Ye EPITAPH.

Hic jacet one—who doth not jacet hic;  
Of whose remains there now remain no trace:—  
Though wit uncommon shone in many a trick,  
And every virtue beamed upon her face.  
O'er her no cypress sheds the mournful tear;  
O'er her no Bulbul strains its pining breast;  
No laurel'd urn, no wreath-encircled bier  
Adorns the spot in which she doth not rest.  
Only in grief disconsolate may I  
Don all my sable weeds of deepest dye,  
And dim with ceaseless tears my eye,  
And sigh,  
And cry;—  
For why?  
My Cat is in a Pie!

THERE is something exceedingly beautiful in the falling of snow in the city. Nature seems shut out in most phases; the trees hardly leave out when they lose their beauty of green, and the flowers will never bloom so sweetly in the noxious air of city gardens. But the snow falls as gently, as purely, here as on the broad fields, as feather-like, drifting and swarming around the corners of the houses, sweeping up again in the eddies, and then settling softly on sills and roofs, and piling upon the tree limbs. And though it settles into the mud, too, and is trodden into slosh under foot, it seems to us to have more of the true spirit of nature than anything else we have in the city. The trees in the parks look startled and uneasy, and gardens are squeezed into anything but beautiful forms; but the snow seems to settle as naturally and readily on the roof as on the hill-side, as much in place in this wilderness as any other. We sat by the window, and, with forehead pressed against the pane, watched the last snow-fall, floating on its flakes back into the years when we children waited so impatiently for the first snow, and so joyously romped through it when

it came, and laid ourselves out at full length in the unsullied sheet to make our marks. How dreary winter seems without snow; and Christmas and New Year's, what are they without sleigh rides? Yet in this bleak winter the city concentrates its miseries and its delights—to the suffering poor comes the keener anguish, and to the happy gay ones the more intense happiness.

A lady friend of ours recently picked up the following letter in the street. It is a veritable document—no concoction of the brain editorial :

"June 20, 1853.

"dear uncel I take this oportunity to inform you that I am well at present hoping that these few lins may find you the same i think that I sean you last fall out to delhi acording as you talkt of and was glad to sea you but I hav not sean you in so long that I should like to hear from you if nothing more I have hired out for the summer to Mr Redfield at \$15 wages is very good hear grass is very good grain is good tims is very good and the foalks is very good I think that your presents wold be good for soar eyes as you have not ben hear in so long a time but I still liv in hoaps that you may make your appearance again Cuson molisia told me that she saw you Just before she startid to Cum out hear she is in goo helth or was day before yesterday she and muther went to Hobert that day to sea hankes wilsons sister and her folks thay will cum back to-day cusion is aworking at John goulds but she is wating on a felon which is on her finger but it has got well about I think that she was a litel home sick whene she first cum but I think that she has got over it now She apears veary well pleased with the foalks Granmuther is well and sends her best respects and Said that you must be a good boy and keep your fase clean and not forget your bringing up the hill clarks is all well I hav a few words to say on a nuther subject as I am about making up my mind to go at sumthing else besid working out I wish to asertain whether you wold accept of mee as a student and if you will let mee now on whot condishions and what prosedings I wold hav to go through and whot process of time I should want previden I should undertake it. think of it as you think best and wright and let me know what you think best wright all the nuse as soon as you can be shure and not forget your falings let us now about aunt clarice and all the rest of the foalks good by uncel. oh one thing more to say before I leave off dad wants you to send him two yards of black broad cloath he dont cair what cullar it is, and he will pay you last weak when he kills his pig all that you ow him."

We were much pleased to see, a few days since, photographs of Crawford's Washington Monument, and the pediment for the Capitol extension. We are pleased with the unpretending arrangement of the figures in the former, though of their individual merits it was impossible to judge, from the small size of the representation. The statue of Washington, equestrian, stands on a lofty pedestal of granite, around which are ranged statues of some of the leading men of Virginia, with an allegorical figure representative of the State itself. Some smaller pedestals ranged round the group bear figures of eagles. The photographs are in the possession of John Ward, Esq., to whose kindness we are indebted for the pleasure of seeing them, as well as some small models in clay, by Mr. C.—designs which have not been carried out. A full length statuette of Mrs. Crawford, with some remarkable flying drapery, and a figure of an Indian girl carrying a dead eagle on her back particularly pleased us. Mr. Crawford, we are happy to learn from Mr. Ward, was, at last, advised, in good health and hard at work.

We extract the following from a letter from an English friend, a landscape painter of high reputation :—"Well, my dear S., I have seen a mountain, or, rather what we, Englishmen, call a mountain—not one of the Rocky mountains, but, still, to us, a mountain. I allude to Snowdon; and, small as it is, compared with your grander features (being only 3,560 feet high), it was the highest and the largest earth I had ever seen, and filled me with amaze, so much so that I feared it was only cloud, and that it would be gone before I could sketch it."

THE pressure of the times does not seem to affect the artists very materially as yet. In our recent travels among the studios we cannot see the indications of the state of the money market we expected to.

Cropsey has finished an interesting picture, which he calls Peace, somewhat similar in its general character to the large picture of the same name exhibited two years since. He is now at work on a view of Mount Washington from near Crawford's, with the first snows on the mountain top, with a fine storm effect.

Hicks, among other portraits, is painting one of Bayard Taylor, in his eastern costume, with a view of Damascus and Lebanon in the distance. Mr. Hicks has recently returned from Philadelphia, where he has won great credit for a portrait of Lucretia Mott, said to be the finest he has painted.

Mr. Ingham has also just finished a portrait of a lady in bridal attire, which is certainly an exquisite production—finer in modelling and expression than anything we have seen by the artist.

Gifford is painting a composition of New Hampshire scenery; a fine, light-full picture, with a view of Mount Chocorua in the distance.

Many of the artists are out of town at present; when they return we hope to keep trace of their doings.

Kensett, we understand, has received another commission from Lord Ellesmere—the subject to be one illustrating American scenery.

We clip the following exquisite poem from the January number of *Putnam*. We presume no one would be doubtful to attribute it to Longfellow.

#### THE OLD SCULPTOR AND HIS PUPIL.

CAN we wonder Donatello's eyes were dim with blissful tears,  
When a thing of perfect beauty, stood the dream of earlier years,  
Crowning all his wildest longings—stifling e'en his lightest fears?

Waking wild ideal yearnings, weary years the dream had lain  
Gath'ring ever strength and beauty in the artist's haunted brain,  
Till excess of wondrous sweetness made it almost seem like pain.

And, at last, its fit expression in some outward type it sought—  
Beauty thrilling all the pulses, lonely days and nights he wrought,  
And full well the Inner Vision had the pallid marble caught.

Calm it stood—a statued image of the young impassioned saint,  
On whose mortal beauty lingered not the shade of mortal taint,—  
To whose mortal eyes heaven's vision seemed no longer dim and faint.

And the passing shadows flitting lightly o'er the earnest face,  
On each youthful, godlike feature left a strangely-living trace,  
Till it seemed St. George was standing in the passive marble's place.

Yet, methinks o'er something nobler might those wayward shadows glide,  
On a beauty, higher, rarer, well contented might they bide,  
When another, rapt, before it, stood by Donatello's side.

He was one among his pupils, scarce to manhood-summer grown,—  
All his flowers in Fame's bright chaplet were, as yet, but buds unblown;  
Yet the master felt their blooming would be brighter than his own.

For there seemed around his forehead and within his eye to glow  
Visions far more deep and wondrous than e'er sculptor's hand might know;  
All too grand for outward semblance were thy visions, Angelo!

And behind the noblest figure, born beneath thy potent hand,  
Still in wondrous, mocking beauty, shall a something nobler stand :—  
Shadowy, as the forms upspringing 'neath some dread magician's wand.

Then upon that lofty forehead, Care's rude fingers had not wrought,—  
Not as yet his iron sternness had those proud, dark features caught;—  
Dreaming boy was he who stood there, rapt in deep and silent thought.—

"Nay—what think'st thou?" said the master, "seems it not almost divine?"  
In his eye the glow of genius seemed with clearer light to shine,—  
As he answered, "Only one thing does it lack,—this work of thine."

"One thing lacks it!"—did not matchless stand that form of youthful grace?  
Could more firm and high endeavor leave round lips of marble trace?  
Could more pure and saint-like passion light that pale and upturned face?—

Ne'er a fault could he discover there, to mar its perfect claim,  
Though anew he searched and pondered often as again there came,—  
Grown each year a heavier burden, tales of Buonarroti's fame.

And, in sooth, a heavy burden it had grown to be that day,  
When he knelt beside the pallet where the pale old sculptor lay—  
Waiting patiently the moment death should bear his soul away.

Patient—yet, within his spirit seemed some vexing thought to bide,  
For amid his dying murmurs,—"What lacks it?" faint he sighed,  
"Only speech!" said Buonarrotti.—With a smile the old man died.

"Only speech!" O mighty spirit! who through time didst nobly send,  
Thoughts whose grandeur lower natures rather guess than comprehend,—  
With what earthly mould or being e'er may perfect utterance blend!

All our loftiest thoughts and visions seem, for want of language, lost;—  
Longingly we read the story of the tongues of flame which crossed,  
Lips of fervid Galileans on the day of Pentecost.

All the Holy Spirit tells us we may never hope to teach,—  
Little of the heart's affection lips or eyes can ever reach;—  
More than Donatello's statue do our stammering tongues need speech.

No right judgment can ever be formed on any subject having a moral or intellectual bearing without benevolence; for so strong is man's natural self-bias, that, without this restraining principle, he insensibly becomes a competitor in all such cases presented to his mind; and, when the comparison is thus made personal, unless the odds be immeasurably against him, his decision will rarely be impartial. In other words, no one can see anything as it really is through the misty spectacles of self-love. We must wish well to another in order to do him justice. Now, the virtue in this good-will is not to blind us to his faults, but to our own rival and interposing merits.—*W. Allston.*

At the recent fire in Broadway, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Kaufmann, Mr. Loop, and several other artists, were burned out, and nearly, or all, their effects were destroyed. We have not learned whether there were any works of great value, except Mr. Kaufmann's series of historical pictures.

SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor, by informing us of any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

### MR. RUSKIN'S WORKS.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN WILEY, 167 BROADWAY,

#### I.

### MODERN PAINTERS.

BY A GRADUATE OF OXFORD.

2 vols., 12mo., cloth—\$1 87.

"A very extraordinary and delightful book, full of truth and goodness, of power and beauty."—*North British Review.*

"One of the most remarkable works on art which has appeared in our time."—*Edinburgh Review.*

#### II.

### THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE

BY JOHN RUSKIN, AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

1 vol., 12mo., with *Fourteen Etchings by the Author*—\$1 25.

"The Politician, the Moralist, the Divine, will find in it ample store of instructive matter, as well as the Artist."—*Examiner.*

"This eloquent and deeply instructive volume is a book for Amateurs to read."—*Eccelesiologist.*

"The brilliant manner by which the present and other works of Mr. Ruskin are adorned, has placed them at once amongst the books that *must* be read."—*North British Review.*

#### III.

### THE STONES OF VENICE.

THE FOUNDATIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE," &c.

1 vol., 8vo., *Illustrated by 21 Plates, and numerous Woodcuts from Drawings by the Author*—\$3 50.

#### IV.

### PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

12mo., Paper Cover—18½ cts.

#### V.

### NOTES ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF SHEEPFOLDS.

8vo., Paper Cover—12½ cents.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE."

#### VI.

### LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE AND PAINTING.

DELIVERED AT EDINBURGH IN NOV., 1853.

BY JOHN RUSKIN,

AUTHOR OF "STONES OF VENICE," "SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE," ETC.

1 vol. 12mo., with 15 *Illustrations, on tinted paper, after Drawings by the Author.* Cloth—\$1 25. j10 tf.

## INSTRUCTION IN DRAWING, &c.,

"OF THE MANY REQUIREMENTS OF THE DAY ON ANY SUBJECT WHICH may form a part of Education, a SYSTEM, which shall enable Teachers to impart, and their Pupils to acquire, a sound knowledge of Art, seems amongst the foremost."

It is believed that the following works of

MR. J. D. HARDING,

Present the most complete and efficient system before the Public; and that a thorough study, with careful practice, in accordance with their requirements, cannot fail to produce the most desirable results.

### LESSONS ON ART.

Arranged progressively; thus leading the Pupil onward, step by step, encouraging him to apply his knowledge to the delineation of nature under the impulse of his own feelings.

### LESSONS ON TREES.

This work is entirely devoted to the study of Trees and Herbage, and the examples are progressively arranged, from the elements to the most complete pictorial combination of Trees of various kinds, such as are most applicable to landscape composition, and can be most easily represented, either with the chalk or lead pencil.

(To be continued.)

**WILLIAMS, STEVENS, WILLIAMS & CO.,**

**353 BROADWAY,**

NEW YORK.

j10 tf

CHARLES C. INGHAM,

PORTRAIT PAINTER,

STUDIO, NO. 384 FOURTH STREET. j10

MRS. HERMINA DASSEL,

PORTRAIT PAINTER,

STUDIO, NO. 176 TWELFTH STREET. j10

G. H. HALL,

ARTIST,

STUDIO, NO. 806 BROADWAY. j10

WILLIAM HART,

LANDSCAPE PAINTER,

STUDIO, NO. 806 BROADWAY. j10

D. HUNTINGTON,

STUDIO, NO. 346 BROADWAY,

APPLETON'S BUILDING. j10

J. F. KENSSETT,

LANDSCAPE PAINTER,

STUDIO, WAVERLEY HOUSE, NO. 697 BROADWAY, j10

E. D. E. GREENE,

ARTIST,

STUDIO, NO. 806 BROADWAY. j10

T. ADDISON RICHARDS,

LANDSCAPE PAINTER,

STUDIO, N. Y. UNIVERSITY. j10

F. E. CHURCH,

LANDSCAPE PAINTER,

STUDIO, NO. 497 BROADWAY. j10

REGIS GIGNOUX,

LANDSCAPE PAINTER,

STUDIO, NO. 99 BROADWAY. j10

F. B. CARPENTER,

PORTRAIT PAINTER,

STUDIO, NO. 359 BROADWAY. j10

J. F. CROUSEY,

LANDSCAPE PAINTER,

STUDIO, NO. 114 WHITE STREET. j10

A. B. DURAND,

LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

STUDIO, No. 91 AMITY ST. j10

THOMAS HICKS,

PORTRAIT PAINTER,

Studio, No. 114 White St. j10

LOUIS LANG,

ARTIST.

Studio, Waverley House, No. 697 Broadway. j10

GEORGE A. BAKER,

PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Studio, No. 806 Broadway. j10

S. G. GIFFORD,

LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

Studio, No. 483 Broadway. j10

GEORGE FULLER,

PORTRAIT PAINTER,

Studio, No. 159 Atlantic Street, Brooklyn. j10

F. O. C. DARLEY.

STUDIO, No. 102 TWELFTH STREET. j10

W. J. HAYS,

STUDIO, NO. 208 FOURTH STREET. j10